

He was progressing in the
the table
Clay told a servant to open the
bottle and serve some of the wine to the
guests. They all tasted it, pronounced
it good, and then, as Mr. Monroe,
"Well, Mr. President, what do you think
it is?" said Mr. Clay. "Well," answered
Mr. Monroe, "It is very good, but it tastes
exactly like Kentucky whiskey." "That is
just what I expected," Mr. Clay found out
on Tom had, some days before, emptied
his bottle of the wine for his own benefit
and had filled it up with Kentucky whis-
key.

— A Methodist physician at Van
port, O., scolded a drinking young man
for neglecting his duties, and for
neglecting her of the terrible and deadly
of sinning. She took it all quietly
until she got a chance and then she
scolded him.

Does not thy own for want of looking
I. Does not thy trust for want of